

# RESTORATION

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No. 12.

## Blessed Martin to be Patron Of American Druggists?

By Rev. Norbert Georges, O.P.

Among the friends of God honored by the Church this month is Blessed Martin de Porres. Sometime ago the humble Dominican lay brother who did so much for the poor of Lima, Peru — and other parts of the world — was pronounced the patron of social justice in the Americas. Now—

### He Takes Over

As the Irish say, Blessed Martin has a way with him. Quietly he slips even into the most unlikely places. Now he is trying to take over the drugstores of the Americas — and that is where he is certainly needed, 1) to help a profession that has greater responsibilities than most people imagine, 2) to steel the weak-kneed among them against the temptation to make easy profits out of immoral merchandise, 3) to encourage many others in their long hours of service to the public for a comparatively small compensation.

You see, I know something about druggists: my father was one, so were a brother and a cousin.

Sometime in 1950 I received several copies of a large pamphlet written in Spanish, entitled "Fray Martin de Porres and His Medical Apostolate." It was written by Dr. A. Bedoya Villacorta and published in Lima, Peru, in 1949. Dr. Bedoya Villacorta is President of the Peruvian Society of the History of Pharmacy.

He has published many articles and some pamphlets on the history of Pharmacy in Peru and of Drug Shops in Lima. Now he is writing a biographical dictionary of pharmacy. This proves that Dr. Bedoya Villacorta is not only a pharmacist but that he has a flair for history.

### Years of Research

It took Dr. Bedoya Villacorta years of research into old records, books and museums to collect the material for his articles. However, you cannot delve deeply into the records of doctors, pharmacists and hospitals of early Lima without meeting, unexpectedly perhaps, people like St. Rose who opened Lima's first infirmary in her own home. Moreover, you simply cannot escape coming face to face with Blessed Martin de Porres who, as a doctor's apprentice with an official license, dispensed medicines, dressed wounds, cured diseases, and directed an infirmary not only in the Dominican Priory but in his sister's home.

Dr. Bedoya Villacorta may have known of Blessed Martin before he began his researches, but I am sure that it was during those researches that he learned really to love and admire Blessed Martin. Once you know and admire Blessed Martin you are anxious to put yourself under his protection and to

make him known to others.

### Friends of Martin

As you may surmise, Dr. Bedoya Villacorta is not only a member of the Peruvian Pharmaceutical Society but one of the directors of the Society "de Caballeros del Beato Martin de Porres" who are most active in promoting the Blessed Martin Apostolate in Peru.



Bl. Martin de Porres

During his researches Dr. Bedoya Villacorta found that while most of the professions had a patron saint, he as a pharmacist had none. There were all sorts of saintly protectors against various diseases, and St. Luke who was a doctor, could serve as a patron for the medical profession, but the pharmacists should have their own patron, someone who would appeal to the pharmacists not only because he was a wonderful saint but because he knew something about the problems, trials and joys of the profession.

Dr. Bedoya Villacorta knew that St. Gemma Galgani, canonized in 1940, had been proposed as a patron for pharmacists and that for centuries Spanish pharmacists had invoked St. Mary Magdalen as their patron. Neither of these saints, wonderful as they were, had, however, thought the doctor, the spiritual ties to pharmacy that a patron saint should have.

### Only One Suited

For Dr. Bedoya Villacorta there was another holy man of God measured up perfectly to the qualifications that should be looked for in a patron saint for pharmacists, and that holy man of God was Blessed Martin de Porres. From then onward Dr. Bedoya Villacorta seems to have made it his mission to persuade others to share his convictions.

When word came that the first Pan-American Congress of Pharmacists was to assemble in Havana, Cuba, on

December 1-8, 1948, he determined to make use of the wonderful opportunity he would have during the sessions to start a campaign to select Blessed Martin de Porres as Patron of Pharmacy not only in Peru but in Pan-America.

It was for this Congress that Dr. Bedoya Villacorta prepared his study, "Fray Martin and His Medical Apostolate." With perfect mastery of his subject he blends the history of medicine in Peru during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries with the story of Blessed Martin, his background, his life in the world and in religion, his use of herbs and medicines, his cures, and even the story of his last illness and death.

### Martin Is Chosen

The problem of choosing a patron was in the hands of the Directors of Section XIII of the History of Pharmacy. On December 3, 1951, these directors declared that since sufficient data had been presented they declared Blessed Martin Patron of Pan-American Pharmacy.

On December 5th, the Pharmacists gathered for the public announcement of this choice in the Chapter Hall of the Convento Santo Domingo. Here it was that Blessed Martin had spent many hours in prayer before the great crucifix, still there, up to which he had been lifted so often.

The principal discourse was delivered by Dr. Bedoya Villacorta. He thanked the Dominican Fathers for their kindness in admitting the pharmacists into this convent where some four hundred years earlier the first university in North and South America had been founded and which twenty years later blossomed forth into the still existing University of San Marcos. Then, he turned to Blessed Martin, "the humble laybrother who chose the last place in society but dared to strive to attain the heights of holiness, whose skin was dark and whose soul was pure as the lily or the snow on the mountain top."

### Love For All Men

"These cloisters," he said, "were the mute witnesses of the exemplary life of Fray Martin and of the vehemence

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## "Our Lady of Combermere" Will Care for Pilgrims

All over the Catholic world there was great joy at the announcement that His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, had asked the faithful to observe a Marian year beginning this December — a year of special devotions and special love and special honor and special petitions to the radiant, all-powerful, immaculate Mother of God.

The rejoicing in Madonna House was more than intense; for we here cannot help but feel that we live in Our Lady's own house, that we belong to her, not only as her consecrated slaves but also as her loving children.

### Our Unique Privilege!

We rejoiced with others at the news of the Pope's appeal. And we rejoiced also that we could take such an intimate, such an enviable, such a blessed part, in the observance of this year.

The Marian year begins in December.

We expect to have our chapel finished in that month, a chapel dedicated to her Immaculate Conception!

Could God have given us a more privileged way than this to join in celebrating Our Lady's year?

It was on December 8th, 1854, the supreme pontiff recalled, that Pope Pius IX proclaimed, as a doctrine all Catholics must accept and believe, that Mary was, "by a singular grace and privilege . . . preserved . . . from the first instant of her conception . . . exempt from all stain of original sin."

In his encyclical, "Fulgens Corona" — the radiant crown — Pius XII declared that the centenary celebration should "stimulate an earnest devotion to the Mother of God in the souls of all Catholics and encourage them . . . to conform their lives to her image."

Our "Immaculate Conception" chapel, we expect, will be dedicated, by His Excellency, the Most Rev. W. J. Smith, our gracious bishop, just ninety-nine years after the historic proclamation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception — and yet within the year set apart to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

### Truly are we blessed!

### To Welcome Pilgrims

The Holy Father wants devotions of every kind. He stressed especially that pilgrimages be made to Marian shrines in various parts of the world.

"Since in all cities, towns and villages, wherever the Christian religion thrives," his encyclical reads, "there is a sanctuary, or at least an altar, in which the sacred image of the Blessed Virgin Mary is enshrined for the devotion of the Christian people, We desire . . . that the faithful should throng thither in great numbers,

and should offer our most sweet Mother not only private but public supplications with one voice and one mind."

It would be wonderful to go to Rome, or Fatima, or Lourdes, or Guadalupe, or some other famous shrine this coming year. Our Lady would love us for the trouble and expense and effort such a pilgrimage would cost.

It is even more wonderful, to us, that we have a shrine right here at Madonna House, a quiet, beautiful, intimate chapel! We can pay our devotions to Mary every day, all through the day, in her own special sanctuary. We feel so close to her here, as you may already have been told, that we call her "Our Lady of Combermere."

### Our Lady Is Here!

Combermere is a humble little village. It is hardly more than a cross-roads. It can't boast of much more than a hundred people "within the town itself." We couldn't begin to compare it with Lourdes or Fatima or Rome or Guadalupe, nor even with such places as Cap Madeleine, or St. Anne de Beaupre; but it will welcome all those pilgrims who wish to visit it this coming year.

We do not pretend we can accommodate great crowds in Madonna House, nor in Combermere itself; nor even in the immediate neighborhood. But we can house and feed many; and there are lodges all around Madonna House which are more or less idle in the months not given over to tourists, fishermen, and hunters.

We entertained more than forty people here over the Thanksgiving week-end last month. Thanksgiving day is celebrated in October in Canada, not in November. (Ed Porath, one of our neighbors, and his wife and family, gave us two big turkeys for the feast. One of our American guests prepared the pumpkin pies. And we had wild cranberries from the York River swamps — just a few miles away.)

### From Ten to Ninety

Some of our Thanksgiving day guests were "alumni," or "alumnae," from our different Summer Schools of Catholic Action; and it was interesting to hear them swapping notes — especially in the field of statistics. The Summer School of 1949 averaged 10 people a week; 1950

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EDDIE DOHERTY ..... Editor  
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY ..... Managing Editor  
DOROTHY PHILLIPS ..... Circulation Manager

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Death is an angel of unsurpassed beauty, whom God chooses to send as His last love letter to His bride, the Soul of Men.

Death is a door that opens unto life everlasting.

Death is a key to the Heart of Christ.

Death is a song of infinite, supreme gladness, which the soul can at last sing to her Love.

Death is the road to the very Essence of the Triune Uncreated God.

Why then are we afraid of Death?

Is it because we have wasted our substance, squandered our ability to love on a thousand strange idols of our own making, and so face the Tremendous Lover with empty hands?

Is it that we have been misers and thought we could hoard love like gold?

Or is it because we have allowed our lives to empty themselves of any thought of God?

This is the time, the hour, the moment to remedy all this. November has come in its pontifical visitation, to bring us the blessings of all the Saints; who, known and unknown, have one thing in common — they all tried and tried to love God.

Holy Souls follow them in gracious procession, chanting slowly their passionate lamentations for a permanent sight of their Love and God.

Let us arise from our deathly slumbers, and begin to love back the Christ Who loved us unto death.

Unless we begin . . . now . . . the angel of death may come with a wedding invitation from God. Then we shall know . . . that we cannot attend . . . the wedding of our soul forever to God . . . because our soul has not been busy about making life a wedding garment fit to be shown at its own marriage feast!

Let us begin to love now . . . perfectly . . . and then fear will leave us . . . all fear . . . even the fear of death. For PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT ALL FEARS.

If we do . . . we shall run and embrace the angel of death with joy unsurpassed. For it will be Spring in the land of our souls . . . and the turtle doves will sing.

The time is now . . . Oh friends of God . . . to arise and go . . . in search of our Beloved.

And remember this — to show Him our love, all we have to do is to love all those who are our "neighbors" . . . for each of them, in truth, is He Whom our souls seek so hungrily.

Let us leave all things behind . . . and seek the One in whom we shall find all we hungered for throughout our earthly lives.

The time is now. November is a holy month!



## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

There was a song we used to sing when we were boys; a song with a gay swagger in it, a carefree rapture, and a crazy and impossible theme. I think now that somebody parodied a marching tune for us. I don't know what the original words were, nor the name of the song, or march, from which they were stolen. It went like this:

Oh, this is the day we give babies away

With a half a pound of tea.  
We used to sell them for fifty cents;

But now you can get 'em free.

### October Struts

Maybe it was the fine brisk October wind that blew those words back across the years to me. It was like a wind out of anyone's young days. It sang. It marched, and it made the leaves march with it, the squads and platoons and regiments of bright dead leaves.

There was something buoyant in that wind; something extremely youthful and zesty, something gay and saucy and impertinent and exciting; something that made a man feel like strutting — so that he wouldn't dance, or run and skip and jump like a boy — and that made him, unconsciously perhaps, move his elbows and his shoulders and his pigeon-toed feet in a sort of magic rhythm.

Maybe it was the wind. And maybe it was just October.

The month is dear to me. I was born in it. My first wife died in it. My kid sister died in it, on her fifteenth birthday. And my mother died in it. I am bound to the month by these strange ties of life and death. I am bound to it also by its beauty, by its moderation of climate — it is neither too hot nor too cold — and by the eery light it coaxes from the sun.

### October On Parade

Never is there such a soft light in the other months of the year. Never are there such hazy, lazy afternoons; such glorious sunny mornings; such sweet cool evenings.

And seldom, during all the year, do such young winds go frisking through the woods.

The wind was brash and exuberant and full of fun. It made the ferns and the goldenrod and the asters bow low to me as I passed. It filled the air around me with falling bits of glory; and made an elfin music for me as it rustled through the glory around my feet — music for those words unuttered in half a century or more.

Oh, this is the day we give babies away

With a half a pound of tea—

I felt absurdly young, with those ancient syllables singing in my mind. I felt younger than I was when I first shouted them. Hence everything around me seemed, suddenly, quite old.

### Sad Glad October

The goldenrod, now — something like a young poet's inspiration took possession of me for a happy moment.

Peace to the sheen of the goldenrod;

It has gone from us — to worship God.

Its gold was gone. Its lustre was gone. It had become only a dusty weed with dirty gray fleece. With what

beauty it had glowed just yesterday and the day before! How it had drawn the honey-seeking bees! How it had caught and held the eyes of passersby.

There was a sadness in its unlovely corpse. But it was the same sadness to be found in the splendor of the dead leaves, the yellowing and browning ferns, the dying asters. A fond, sweet, happy, understanding sadness.

All beauty comes from God. All beauty dies.

Perhaps dead beauty, having served its Maker, and given Him delight in its perfection; and having served to put the realization of beauty in the hearts of men — and hence the realization of the goodness of God, the Creator of all beauty — perhaps dead beauty will be eternally remembered and rewarded.

### Beautiful October

A strange thought to fling upon a strange, wild, restless, ever dying, ever-reviving, ever-youthful wind!

The goldenrod had flourished but a week or two; and the asters not much longer. Here was an aster stripped almost naked of its leaves; a thin and sickly stalk kowtowing to the rowdy wind; but hugging still, and proudly showing, two sickly thin blue stars. It made a brave show in a dying world, that little aster with its stubborn flowers. It would not die while it could yet serve God and man with its display of beauty.

It is dead now, in this November. All things in the woods are dead or dying. Yet, as it has been said, there is no death. There will be a world of goldenrod next year, a world of ferns, a world of dancing wild blue asters, a world of leafing trees and budding plants of all sorts, a world arisen from the white world of the dead.

### Goodbye October!

A flower lasts from sun to sun? What of it? It has served the end for which God made it. A young girl dies on her fifteenth birthday. She too has served the purposes of God. A wife dies; or a gray-haired mother. One may feel sad; yet with a happy sadness; with a young-old sweet October sadness; knowing the beauty of their lives will be eternally preserved in heaven.

There is no flower that blooms, I think, no leaf that falls, no wind that blows, no grain of dust that touches stalk or stem, that does not serve an end divine. There is no life, however brief, that does not have its own effect upon the world of men.

Someday the wild gold of my years — never quite so lustrous as the goldenrod's — will also fade and turn to ashy gray. Someday I shall be kindred to the rustling leaves the rough October winds delight to scatter.

If I could bring to God a tenth of the glory of the goldenrod — or the ornery little aster — I should not fear, too much, the white comfort that shall cover me.

I shall bring Him little beauty; and much less glory. But Oh the glory and the beauty that will come to me!

## The B's Corner

My heart is full of pain. Pain and an infinite and strange sadness. It almost seems as if the walls of my little office-dispensary have disappeared, or expanded and become transparent, so that I can see without seeing, the whole world. Then part of it blacks out, the everyday ordinary part. And against the back drop of a thousand busy streets and quiet rural roads, I see a strange multitude, some standing apart . . . some clustered in groups . . . some wandering alone. The lost, the forgotten, the lonely, the seeking ones!

### They Look For Love

Lost in the maze of many inward crossroads. Forgotten by those who should love and remember them. Lonely because no one really wants them, or understands them or wants to. And what are they seeking? Love . . . the chance to love and to be loved — that is all!

It seems my heart breaks under the pain that fills it at the sight. It seems that I myself will fall down under the load of sadness that gets heavier and heavier at the sight of all these souls wandering in a desert of someone else's making.

Yet I cannot take the eyes of my soul from theirs. And it seems as if slowly I understand their pain . . . their hunger . . . their sadness . . . and their seeking. And a great desire comes to me . . . to run to each of them, take them by the hand, and give them the kiss of peace — HIS PEACE — and whisper to each:

"Come, I know One Who will arise and 'find you,' for He loves every sheep in His flock, and will leave ninety-nine to go and fetch the one caught in the sharp stinging brambles of life. Come! I know One Who remembers, even if mother and father, brother and sister, husband, wife, or children have forgotten. I know One Who was the Loneliest Man on earth, and Who will share your loneliness — and make it fade away forever, as if it never had been. I will lead you to Him Whom your soul seeks . . . Who has the words of eternal life, and the waters of living truth . . . Come with me. Let us go and find Jesus, the Son of Mary. Mary will lead us to Him. It is Him you seek."

### Love Looks For Them

But how does one reach that multitude?

The answer comes clear and unmistakable . . . BY LOVING . . . even from afar.

In a manner of speaking — by loving without knowing each individually, personally . . . and yet just the same loving across space, time, barriers of language, race, nations, and climes — for none of these are real. Only LOVE . . . CARITAS . . . AGAPE . . . is real. For LOVE IS GOD . . . and only by loving everyone always, but especially these lonely souls, can one bring them to God.

Oh, if only we Catholics understood this infinite grace that is ours . . . the grace of love of neighbor that follows that of the love of God, and without which we do not, cannot love God . . . then we could begin to help the lost to find the way . . . the lonely to lose loneliness . . . the frightened to gather courage, the forgotten to know they are loved

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# COMBERMERE

By Francoise DeCastro

Queen of the most holy Rosary, Our Lady of Combermere, pray for us!

Pray for us, as we pray to you, night after night, the chain of the Aves. In the summer, we knelt outside, by the silent Madawaska; then in the veranda, our primitive summer dining room. Last winter we gathered in the library, all lights out, save for the glow of the grate fire, and the many vigil candles burning for you.

## A Prayer-Filled Room

Now we have a new room. A big new dining room, where twenty-two of us are almost lost, but which awaits many more — staff, guests, and visitors. The chapel upstairs is yet unfinished. But thanks to the zeal of its constructor, Mr. Ken Carl, the dining room has already received us.

At first, it was big, and cold, and bare. Then Kathleen made yellow curtains. And books filled the empty shelves. And "B" hung up the icon of our Lady of Perpetual Help, and brought in the statue of Our Lady of Silence.

Then, we began to pray in the new room. And the new room became warm and homey. In front of the altar, we all knelt and prayed your Rosary!

It is strange, how much a room can retain of people's prayers! Prayer is so much more real than we think.

The room is not empty anymore. It is filled with prayer.

## Dining Room Indeed

And we had Mass in that room — a blessing too big for words. So now, this is our real "living room." We pray the Mass, singing or answering together, then we break our fast, then we say Prime. In here we do the dishes too — each dish a token of love. At night, after supper, we say Compline and again, around the altar, the Rosary.

"For the intentions of the Pope, peace in the world, conversion of Russia . . . for our friends, our benefactors . . . for all those who ask for our prayers . . . for money . . . for the Lay Apostolate . . . for its priests . . . for you all."

In the evening we sing, we have music, we make cocoa, we talk, and we laugh. Everybody says, "I never laughed so much in my life as I did in Friendship House." Why is it so? Maybe because of the prayer staying in the room. And because, as we "seek the Kingdom of God," we find "all things added unto us" . . . and because He made us His friends "to bring us gladness in full measure."

Our Lady of Combermere, when we once more gather around your altar and bring you, with the beads, all our troubles, joys, and desires, teach us how to find, how to keep, how to give, His Peace and His Joy. Amen.

Benefactors to pay for Mass Wine — Another \$100 will cover that.

Benefactors to donate cash to pay for the building which, though almost finished, is only half paid for.

## The Best Way Is—

The easiest way to send us the above is to write to Baillargeon Ltd. of St. Constant, P.Q., the biggest Canadian church goods firm, and order the articles from them, to be sent to us at MARY'S CHAPEL, MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA.

This by-passes duty for our U.S.A. friends, and facilitates matters for our Canadian ones.

Or send the money directly to us, mentioning the article one desires to donate.

All the names of our benefactors and friends are entered into "Mary's Chapel Book," and Masses will be said for their intentions monthly.

## Through The Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

The telephone rang insistently. It had been ringing all day. We were expecting Peter Maurin of the Catholic Worker for a lecture. He was also scheduled to speak at St. Michael's College. But no signs of him were in evidence. Yet the Catholic Worker, when we phoned long distance — Toronto to New York — told us he had left for Canada "more than a week ago."

## On The Bum

Of course, with Peter Maurin, anything could happen — and usually did. He was that kind of apostle. "On the bum," someone described him in an article under that title. He would start for a city in the north, and, perhaps wander through all of the southern part of the Continent to get there. So I was not too worried. But the College was. And so were many people who were anxious and eager to hear this extraordinary man. Hence the busy phone.

This time, it was with news about Peter. He could not phone us himself. He was "detained" on the Canadian border, by the Immigration authorities. And it was one of them who called us. He wanted to know all about Peter. His official voice droned on and on, asking all kinds of questions, while we were wondering where the money would come from to pay for his collect call.

We answered as patiently as we could. Suddenly the voice changed pitch — and became the voice of a normal human being instead of an official. "Lady," it said, "off the record, is that guy a madman or a saint? I am a Catholic myself, but there he sits in the Immigration H.Q. surrounded by all who are on duty, telling them about God and the Catholic Church — things I never heard of before. It sure is interesting but . . . you know something? If what he says is true, I will have a lot of reading up to do. How about it, Lady?"

## In Or Out?

I assured the rather worried voice that Peter was O.K., and on the way to sanctity, not madness — unless the madness was the folly of the Cross. Then I asked if Immigration would

let him in. Yes, they would; if we came to fetch him, and went surety for him while he was staying in Canada. We said we would. It was then some where around 11 p.m.

More phoning — lots more — got us a driver and a car, and off we sped to Windsor, arriving there in the wee hours of the morning, to find Peter — Happily discoursing while he ate a substantial meal of coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts provided by the Immigration boys. They were standing around, with somewhat dazed expressions on their faces, listening.

Formalities over, we bundled Peter in the car, and brought him back in time for Mass and breakfast. It was good to see him come through the blue door. It gave him its benediction, but he brought us his. For Peter Maurin, "the Poor Man of the North American Continent," co-founder of the Catholic Worker, inspiration of thousands of young folks — and the worry and ones — was, to my mind, a one — was, to our mind, a veritable saint!

## He Spoke In Verses

I had met him before. But on this occasion he was at his best. The blank verses, in which he spoke of God and Mary, Jews and Gentiles, justice and injustice, Caritas and hell, workers and management, and on all the social scene and the apostolates of the Church, were sharp, concise, precise, as only his wisdom and knowledge could make them.

He spoke of what he knew. He was that perfect combination, a student and a worker.

As I listened to him, I thought how much we of Friendship House owed to him and to Dorothy Day, and their family of the Catholic Worker. I doubt if I would have persevered in the apostolate were it not for the help of these two burning apostles of God and His Charity.

Peter brought to me the vision of the whole, that day. To all of us, in fact, he made it crystal clear that we are ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STATE OF THE WORLD EVERYWHERE. Each individually; and all collectively. For we are our brothers' keepers.

## He Was Like That

Under his clear exposition, the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ became luminous. Peter was like that. He took sublime verities; and, unshrouding them from the heavy garment of words that centuries had clothed them with, brought them forth, simple and naked, like the Christ-child in the manger.

Peter is dead. At least his body rests in a cemetery near New York City. But Peter lives in the hearts of thousands who knew him . . . in the souls of thousands who never have seen him, but who keep on feasting soul and mind on his Easy Essays (which anyone can secure for a dollar at the Catholic Worker, 223 Chrystie St., New York, N.Y.).

To me, he is vividly present. I remember him often when I pray. Simply as I used to do. I ask his advice on many things concerning the apostolate.

It was a blessed day when he passed through the blue door. Friendship House became richer for that "passing." Peter Maurin . . . pray for us.

## The Fourth Station

By Catherine

The sky was blue  
So were Her eyes.  
His?  
They reflected the  
Glory of  
The Father  
And  
The Holy Ghost!  
No mortal remembered  
The color of  
His eyes.  
Their light  
Was blinding bright!

Their eyes met—  
The Mother's  
And the Son's—  
Across the  
Transverse beam  
Of the Cross  
He carried,  
And held each  
Other in a  
Wordless embrace  
That never  
Was to be seen  
Again  
On earth.  
The mother,  
The Son;  
The God,  
The creature,  
Became one  
In love,  
And joy.

The brutal words  
Of soldiers  
Were a whip  
That spurred Him  
On.  
The mob pressed close,  
Jeering.  
He went on,  
Slow of gait,  
Majestic,  
Serene;  
For he had  
Drunk of love  
And was content  
To love back unto death.

## One Impression Of Combermere

By Paul Giblin

Along the banks of the Madawaska river, rippling quickly onward to her rendezvous with the mighty Ottawa, you find the sawmills where men match their strength and wit against the big tough logs taken from nearby forests.

If you have ever gone fishing here you know what a mill looks like from the outside. Before it came into your range of vision you heard the sudden decrescendo of the giant, four-foot circular saw as it chewed its way through a log in less than two seconds. You heard the chug of the big diesel as it idled between cuts. And you heard the boom of log on log as they were dumped from the truck and rolled pell-mell into the river and into the confining arms of the immense log boom.

## You Hear: You See

Then as you drifted around a bend in the river you saw the squat, open-sided sawmill itself. Perhaps you were disappointed by its rough, weather-beaten appearance and the dull, low-pitched, corrugated iron roof; the mountain of sawdust rising behind it. However; since you were more interested in trout than timber, you set your course for quieter waters.

But suppose; instead of trying to catch that fish (how big did you say it was?) you had put in to shore to see what was going on INSIDE that mill; what

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## BLESSED MARTIN TO BE

(Continued from Page One)

of his charity manifested by the good he did for his neighbor without distinction of race, sex, or class. They now open up their doors to receive us—to tell us of his love for all of God's creation; from the lowly herb he used to prepare his remedies and in which he recognized the goodness of the Creator to the timid rat and the raging bull, which to him were brothers also; from the degraded slave to the proud and conceited noble whom he doctored with equal care because he looked upon them as equal in the sight of the Creator and Redeemer. The memory of these cloisters which unite us now as brothers should unite and keep united with the same bond of fraternity all the pharmacists of America.

"Brother Martin, look down upon us. Free from all prejudice, we call upon you; we are taking you as our example, for you are the prototype of our professional ethics. All of us who are here gathered together acclaim you as Patron of Pharmacy in America. Guide us in our work, guard us against temptation, and help us in our troubles and trials. To you may the glory be given that is reserved for the good in eternity."

This is a brilliant beginning but only a beginning in the campaign necessary to make Blessed Martin Patron of Pan-American Pharmacy. The last step would be to obtain approval for such a choice from the Holy See, for there are certain liturgical rights enjoyed by Public Patrons of official organizations that can be granted only by our Holy Father, the Pope. However, in the meantime our program is to persuade individual pharmacists in the Americas to make

Blessed Martin their private patron. Under the influence of Bedoya Villacorta the campaigning has already begun in several countries.

## THE CHAPEL

By Catherine Doherty

Mary's Chapel at Madonna House is nearing completion. I am not ashamed to state that it catches my breath to walk into it — several times a day — and see the progress. With each nail driven in, with each piece of wood put in its place . . . the moment when Our Lord will dwell with us . . . approaches!

## Nearer And Nearer

Incredible . . . incomprehensible . . . and yet true. Jesus, the Son of God, will come and dwell in this humble chapel of His Mother. I know — that you who read these lines share our joy . . . and understand our ever-mounting expectations.

Many write us, wanting to share in the furnishing of the chapel, and by doing so express their love and devotion to Mary. Gladly we publish our needs.

They are listed in the catalogue of Baillargeon Ltd., as follows:

A thurible, or censer, with incense boat, and stand — No. 2510, \$23.00; boat, \$5.00; No. 507 stand, \$18.00.

Plain gold-plated Benediction candlesticks — No. 132 (5) candles, 13" high, \$34.00.

Holy Water bucket (or vase) with sprinkler — No. 51, 6" high, \$7.75.

A prie-dieu confessional — No. 522, \$29.00.

A simple prie-dieu to put before the statue of Our Lady — No. 524, \$20.00.

Benefactors to pay our candle-bills for a year — \$100 will do it.



## ONE IMPRESSION OF

(Continued from Page Three)

would you have seen? Well come along and we'll see.

As you step out of the boat you notice the different species of logs floating in the huge circular boom — hardwoods: ash, tough and sinewy; elm, beech and birch; oak, hard maple; and softwoods: the famous white pine, renowned among pattern-makers for its straight grain and even texture; spruce, light and strong; balsam fir, hemlock, and many other brothers of forest days.

Logs have a vocation, but unlike men they cannot make the choice. You look around for the man who makes the choice: the sawyer. Once inside the mill you see him immediately but at the same instant you are engulfed in a maelstrom of whirring saws, belts, and hoists. Chugs, whines and cracks assault your ears. The floor seems to shake. Boards fly past, change direction, disappear.

## And You Marvel

You look instinctively at the faces of the eight or nine men who are running the mill. Their nonchalance is reassuring. Gradually it begins to make sense, and you marvel at the ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of logs into lumber. Looking back towards the river and the log boom, two men with pike poles shepherd the logs to a wooden trough where they are carried by linked chain to a position just behind the big saw.

This is the decisive moment. The sawyer sizes up the log in a twinkling. Will it produce several hundred feet of good sound lumber? A railway tie? Planks? He brings the log-carriage (which is mounted on wheels and rolls on a track) back to meet the log. Two men with canthooks roll it into position on the carriage; the dogs bite into the log, fixing it in position tightly; and in one, swift motion it rushes along to meet the waiting saw.

The first slab peels off and the clean sapwood is exposed. The sawyer jerks a lever and the log races back while he decides the width of his next cut. Before the log has reached the end of its return run he makes an adjustment and again the log careens towards the saw. Now he decides whether to cant the log again. Faster and faster the log is reduced to boards as it races back and forth under the hands of the man who is deciding what it will become.

## Co-operation Here Too

Although the sawyer is probably the key man in any sawmill he would be the first to deny it because he realizes that without the co-operation of the whole crew the logs would rot in the boom. Teamwork is so apparent in a sawmill that it is a joy to

behold. Men work together like the finest symphony orchestra. There is a rhythm and a relaxed tension. Every man pours his energy into the job; giving his best when it is needed.

The edger is next in line to the sawyer. He lets the slabs go by with a slight air of disdain but as soon as a board comes up to him on the endless belt he measures its width with his eye, sets his edging machine and flips the board into it where it quickly slices off the rough, barked edges on each side of the board.

The board flashes out of the edger where it is taken for another fast air-lift off the endless belt and onto a slow-moving chain hoist. Here the trimmer sets it in position to be trimmed.

## A Shave And A Trim

If it is a sixteen-foot board, the trimmer's work is almost done because small circular saws trim first one end and then the other. I say "almost" because this trimmer also acts as tallyman, counting the number of pieces and their sizes (thickness, width and length) as he handles them; and also grading them according to the rules governing their species.

Now the board continues slowly upward on the chain hoist until it is levered off by the stacker, who places it in piles with other boards of the same size and species.

The slabs and edgings which will not make boards go down along the belt to the very end of the mill, where they are cut into four-foot lengths, eventually to be used for firewood. The boards themselves are taken and carefully stacked, with stickers being placed between each course in order to allow them to "dry."

And that's just about it. But think! The chair you sit in may be made of hard maple produced at this mill. Your doors and windows are probably merchantable spruce. And your piano's sounding board is almost certainly a piece of clear spruce. It would seem that men really do depend on each other, especially here in Combermere.

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)  
and remembered . . . the seeking to sight their goal.

## Let Love Meet Love

All this we could do without ever leaving our rooms. Just by loving them in the Lord, praying for them wherever they are. What a difference it would make to many!

Of such love and prayer is the very fabric of the Mystical Body wrought.

Lord expand my heart and teach it to love.

Yes . . . all this we Catholics should do. But do we?

Because our eyes are held by our own lack of vision . . . the lonely get lonelier, the

sad sadder, the forgotten desperate, the seeking ones exhausted enough to give up the search.

A frightening thought, that — but one we should face. Because the one thing that will restore God's Kingdom to Him and renew the face of our cold earth is love . . . LOVE . . . PASSION-ATE . . . ALL EMBRACING . . . DESIROUS BUT TO LOVE MORE, EVER MORE . . . A LOVE THAT COUNTS NOT COSTS . . . BUT BURNS WITH HUNGER AND THIRST FOR JUSTICE . . . FOR GOD . . . AND IN DOING SO LIFTS ONE'S NEIGHBOR TO HIM!

*A contrite  
and humble heart,  
Lord,  
Thou wilt not despise*

New Mother  
Of New Men

Why hast Thou made me, Lord, I ask  
As I pursue my daily task  
And wonder why.  
Why do I now take part  
In work that rarely holds my heart,  
And leaves the end of every day  
Almost as empty as the start?  
Do tell me, Lord,  
Why hast Thou made me such  
Among so many works of art?

My child,  
May I, in answer mild,  
Suggest a thought or two  
for you  
To ponder over in your heart?

Thou art a work of art,  
For I Myself have fashioned thee  
With iron nails from upright tree  
Upon a hill called Calvary,  
The Second of the Holy Three.

But iron nails are rather crude  
And wooden crosses far too rude  
To form the masterpiece of art  
That pounded in My Sacred Heart  
And sought to find expression when  
The pointed spear became a pen  
The Father dipped in My own blood  
And gave to Mary as she stood,  
New mother of new men.

Back in the Garden Adam heard  
My Father speak a solemn word  
Intended for the sons of

men:  
A helpmate he shall have this day.  
And lo, behold, while Adam stood  
And viewed what God Himself thought good,  
The fairest flower to leave His hand  
Rose up from out the blessed land  
To take the holy name of Eve.  
All thine, My Father said to him,  
Your helpmate now and evermore.

Dost thou begin to see, My child,  
Why thou wert made?  
Dost thou perceive a Father's

love  
For man and maid?  
But wait, shall we go back  
To what was said?

Why hast Thou made me such? you ask,  
And asking doth thyself deceive,  
For such I have not made thee, child,  
It is thyself and Eve  
Have fashioned thee as thou now art,  
Less than the masterpiece I would  
Fain have created when I poured  
My blood where Mary stood.

There is the secret you desire—  
The work that I began,  
With iron nails and upright wood,  
Can be completed as it should  
When you have come to stand beside  
My Mother who was first the bride  
Of Him, the Holy Spirit,  
Guide  
And Strengtheners;  
When you have learned it well and said  
The word by which I will be led  
To lay My bloody thorn-crowned head  
Upon your breast in utter rest,  
The word that changed the pointed spear  
Into a flowing pen,  
And made My Mother what she is  
To all good men,  
The word, dear child, that will restore  
The purpose that you had of yore  
In mother Eve,  
The word, the only word to give  
Full meaning to the life you live.

Shall I now breathe it to your heart,  
And to your toil and tears

impart  
The purpose you have sought apart  
From daily deeds?  
The word that draws thee nearer Me  
And ever brings its own reward,  
'Tis this, My love, I tell it thee,  
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

—P.A.N.

## OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE

(Continued from Page One)

averaged 25; 1951 averaged 30 to 35; 1952 hit an average of 45; and 1953 topped the 50 mark — with more than 90 present during "Family Week."

More than 500 men and women — a rough estimate — have come through the Blue Door in the last few months.

It is most consoling to realize that people come in such numbers to this out-of-the-way place, to talk about God and the things of God — and to realize also that they come from the most distant parts of the U.S.A. and Canada, and from various parts of Europe, the Middle-East, South America, and other distant lands.

How many pilgrims will the Marian year bring? It doesn't matter. If we cannot take care of them on our own premises, Our Lady will take care of them somewhere nearby. Our Lady — Our Lady of Combermere — can handle any situation.

## Star of Morn

By  
Lucine Pawlowski

When the sun is in the heavens  
And day is born,  
I greet my Blessed Lady,  
My Star of Morn.

When the trees stretch out their branches,  
While mists are shorn,  
I greet my Blessed Lady,  
My Star of Morn.

When the drops of dew, like jewels,  
All earth adorn,  
I greet my Blessed Lady,  
My Star of Morn.

Of hope infinite, thou Emblem  
At daybreak worn,  
Let my heart be thy heavens,  
My Star of Morn!

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